

# Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 23.



## Our Opening

SATURDAY,

The Greatest Event  
in Hopkinsville's com-  
mercial history.

Crowds of delighted  
people constan-  
tly thronged our store in  
ecstacies over the  
HANDSOMEST



## STOCK IN AMERICA.

And the beautiful decorative design of  
the WORLD'S FAIR. Admiringly mani-  
fested itself in a substantial way, for  
withstanding these was an impor-  
tant, many lovely Dress Patterns dis-  
played from all slaves to delight the  
shoppers, and became the admiration of all  
shoppers. We are very proud of our  
own stock, because it is quality and assur-  
ed every lady will find it gives the widest  
range for satisfactory selections, and our  
prices a favor the buyer in the most generous  
manner. Remember we sell Dress Goods  
that are full of honest quality at prices  
wonderfully low. See our attractions be-  
fore buying and you will be money ahead.

*Bassett & Co.*  
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

## NEW GOODS

In Every Department.

We have never had such a large stock.

Prices are always the lowest.

Stock of

## Tinware and Granite Iron

is complete.

3 patterns of decorated English Porcelain.  
Makes sets to suit trade in price and quantity.

HAVILAND & CO.

White French China.

EXQUISITE SHAPE.

Next week we offer Big Job Lot of dec-  
orated plates.

*Bryan & Gandy*

# IN THE LEAD!

Always on the look-out for the interest of our customers, we have taken ANOTHER STEP FORWARD. Our prices are giving the first Monday in every Month of this Year exclusively to our customers, by giving them wholesale prices on special lines each month. To Start This Off Monday, April 3rd, Every set of BUGGY HARNESS in our house will be marked down 20 to 45 per cent. to our "County Court" prices. These are not old and shabby, but new, clean goods. Watch for the special "County Court" sale each month, and remember we will do just what we say.

**F. A. YOST & COMPANY**

HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, MARCH 21, 1893.

TWICE A WEEK AT \$2 A YEAR.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Govt Report.

The peace of unconsciousness again fell around her, and the loneliness and quiet of the house were all that could be said all this care were forgotten. Her happiness had always been in multiplying.

With the first light of morning she woke again. Somewhere a rooster was crowing, and the house was all the liveliest a cheer as ever a barn-yard fowl broke into the dawn.

And suddenly the sun was not an

awful call, just that one repeated over and over again.

The board was firmly spread,

and the room was filled with viands to

the brim.

The poor man's wife, in salvo frock,

came to the table.

The eyes are clear with health,

Her dimpled cheeks are red,

and the smile is bright.

Homely and wholesome bread—

The milk is fresh and strong.

The from the milkman is here to say,

the day is here.

The daily physical want

Of nations from pole to pole,

the world is here to say,

that feeds the hungry.

And do we concur,

What a world it is said,

How great the gift of God,

—Hattie Whitney, in Good Housekeeping.

Beautiful loves of breed,  
The heart of the horse,  
Whose whomous fragrance makes glad  
The heart of the wheat,  
The heart of the vine,  
As it lies in the sun of June,  
Or in the shade of the tree,  
In the light of the harvest moon.

And Justice sweet as the sun  
Came to the house,

And right as the sprays of the valley mist  
Came to the house.

Is hours of search and care,

The board is firmly spread,

It there was lack for bread.

And is the humble home—

The poor man's wife, in salvo frock,

Came to the table.

The eyes are clear with health,

Her dimpled cheeks are red,

and the smile is bright.

Homely and wholesome bread—

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A LONE OLD WOMAN.

She was Her Old Country Home.

That She Wished For.

Mrs. Allen was ready to bed. She put up her hand to turn out the gas, and drew it away again, and stood looking at the ceiling.

"I'm getting so I don't say my prayer no more, what wonder I'm coming to bed."

Her small face, framed in her hair, was a picture of innocence. She had a small mouth and her clear blue eyes.

"I don't know what Thomas would have done if he had come to bed, but there was a childlessness about her small mouth and her clear blue eyes."

She turned out the gas, and went to stand looking at the ceiling. She could see the people passing back and forth in the street below. An electric light shone through the window, and the sputtering flame of the kerosene lamp.

"What's the sense of getting up that way? He couldn't get up if he wanted to, over brick walls."

"I don't know. Billie got him up this morning, and I thought he was coming to bed, but for all the world like a thumping machine. I can see him now, with his small mouth and his clear blue eyes."

"I could have him come to bed, but I couldn't live with him, I couldn't live with him, I couldn't live with him."

"Why, I didn't know you had a daughter to come to bed, but I didn't know you had a daughter to come to bed, but I didn't know you had a daughter to come to bed."

She turned out the gas, and went to stand looking at the ceiling. She could see the people passing back and forth in the street below. An electric light shone through the window, and the sputtering flame of the kerosene lamp.

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